Undead

Nightcore

Undead, Undead Undead, Undead Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Now, I see that motherfuckin? writin? on the wall When you see J3T, Thirty D piece start a brawl Fuck all haters I see ?cause I hate that you breathe I see you duck, you little punk, you little fuckin? disease I got H.U. tattooed on the front of my arm The Boulevard, brass knuckles in the back of the car ?Cause we drunk drive Cadillacs, we never go far And when you see us, motherfuckers, better know who we are I got one thing to say to punk asses who hate Motherfuckers, don't know but you better watch what you say From these industry fucks to these faggot ass punks You don't know what it takes to get this motherfuckin? truck I'm already loud maybe it's a little too late Johnny?s taking heads off of all the faggots who hate ?Cause I am good motherfucker, there's a price to pay Get out my gun motherfucker and it's judgment day Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway I'm gettin? used to this nuisance of fags who bad mouth this music How fuckin? stupid and foolish of you to think you can do this? You cowards can't, you never will, don't even try to pursue it I took the chance, I played the pill, I nearly died for this music You make me wanna run around, pullin? my guns out and shit

How ignorant you gotta be to believe any of this? You need to slit your wrist, get pissed and go jump off a bridge What, you can't see the sarcasm in the verses I spit? What, you think I just got lucky, didn't work for this shit? Bitch, I've been working at this ever since I was a kid I played a million empty shows to only family and friends What kind of person can dis a band that deserves to get big? I hate to be that person when my verse comes out of the kid's lips That shit?s as worse as it gets, this verse is over, I quit Signed Charlie Scene on your girlfriend's tits Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so, we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so, we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway White boys with tattoos we are pointing right at you We are breaking everything, rowdy like a classroom Panic overrules ?cause we don't follow the rules And when you're running your mouth our razor blades come out But why you always pressing? You know I'm never stressed it With fuckin? DMS, Johnny to my left Got Phantom and the rest, who are down to rep the west I grew up by drive-by's and L.A gang sides So what the fuck do you know about being a gangsta? And what the fuck do you know about being in danger? You ain't doing this, so you know you?re just talking shit Mad at all the boys ?cause every song is a fuckin? hit Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Undead, you better get up out the way Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say ?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway Undead, motherfuckin? time to ride, ride Undead, see you duck when we drive by, by Undead, motherfuckin? time to ride, ride Undead, watch you fucker's just die, die Undead

Your temptin? me to run my mouth and call you out on this, bitch

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